



SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1908.

chair. His face was white. His lean jaws were set. His eyes were steel. He was anything but a lover now, this man Gordon. Yet the slim little court reporter with dark circles of homesickness under her eyes had never loved him half so well as at this moment. His voice was clear and deliberate.

"Your honor, I ask permission of the court to call a witness in direct testimony. I assure your honor that the state had used all efforts in its power to obtain the presence of this witness before resting its case, but had failed and believed at the time that he could not be produced. The witness is now here and I consider his testimony of the utmost importance in this case."

Counsel for the defendant objected strenuously. He wanted to hear everything that might throw some light on the dark places in the evidence.

"I call Mr. George Williston," said Gordon.

Had the strain crazed him? Louise covered her eyes with her hands. Men sat in if dazed. And thus, the cynosure of all eyes—stupefied eyes—Williston of the ravaged Lazy S, thin and worn but calm, natural and scholarly-looking as of old—walked from the little ante-room at the side into the light and knowledge of men once more and raised his hand for the oath. Not until this was taken and he had sat quietly down in the witness chair did the tension snap. Even then men found it difficult to focus their attention on the enormous difference this new witness must make in the case that a few moments before seemed settled.

Mary sat with shining eyes in the front row of wooden chairs. It was no wonder she had laughed and been so gay all the dreary yesterday and all the worse to-day. Louise shot her a look of pure gladness.

Small's face was ludicrous in its drop-jawed astonishment. The little lawyer's face was a study. A look of defiance had crept into the defendant's countenance.

The preliminary questions were asked and answered.

"Mr. Williston, you may state where you were and what you saw on the 14th day of July last."

Williston, the unfortunate gentleman and scholar, the vanquished cowman, for a brief while the most important man in the county, perhaps, was about to uncover to men's understanding the dark secret hitherto obscured by a cloud of supposition and hearsay. He told the story of his visit to the island, and he told it well.



Williston of the Ravaged Lazy S.

It was enough. Gordon asked no further questions regarding that event.

"And now, Mr. Williston, you may tell what happened to you on the night of the 30th of last August?"

Williston began to tell the story of the night attack upon the Lazy S, when the galvanic Small jumped to his feet. The little lawyer touched him with a light hand.

"Your honor," he said, smoothly, "I object to that as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, and not binding on the defendant."

"Your honor," interrupted Gordon, with great calmness, "we intend to show you before we get through that this testimony is competent, and that it is binding upon the defendant."

"Was the defendant there?"

"The defendant was there."

The objection was overruled.

So Williston told briefly but to the point the story of the night attack upon his home, of the defense by himself and daughter, and of the burning of his house and sheds. Then he proceeded:

"Suddenly, some one caught me from behind, my arms were pinioned to my sides, something was clapped over my mouth. I was flung over a horse and strapped to the saddle all in less time than it takes to tell it, and was borne away in company with the man who had overpowered me."

He paused a moment in his recital. Faces strained with expectancy devoured him—his every look and word and action. Mary was very pale, carried thus back to the dread realities of that night in August, and shuddered, remembering that ghastly galloping. Langford could scarce restrain himself. He wanted to rip out a blood-curdling Sioux war-whoop on the spot.

"Who was this man, Mr. Williston?" asked Gordon.

"Jesse Black."

Small was on his feet again, gesticulating wildly.

"I object! This is all a fabrication, put in here to prejudice the minds of the jury against this defendant. It is a pack of lies, and I move that it be stricken from the record."

The little lawyer bowed his head to the storm and shrugged up his shoulders. Perhaps he wished that he, or his associates—one of the unholy alliance at least—was where the wicked cease from troubling, on the far-away islands of the deep seas, possibly, or home on the farm. But his expression told nothing.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" expostulated Judge Dale. "Gentlemen! I insist. This is all out of order." Only one gentleman was out of order, but that was the judge's way. Gordon had remained provokingly cool under the tirade.

Again the soft touch. Small fell into his chair. He poured himself a glass of water from the pitcher standing on the attorneys' table and drank a little of it nervously.

"I move," said the little lawyer, "that all this touching upon the personal matter of this witness and having to do with his private quarrels be stricken out of the evidence as not bearing on the case in question."

All in vain. The judge ruled that it did bear on the case, and Williston picked up the thread of his story.

"We rode and rode hard—it must have been hours; daylight was coming before we stopped. Our horses were spent. I had no idea where we were. From the formation of the land, I judged we were not far from the river. We were surrounded by bluffs. I can hardly make you see how clearly this little retreat had been planned. It was in a valley—one of a hundred similar in all essential respects. The gulch at the bottom of the valley was heavily wooded with scrub-oak, cottonwood, woodbine and plum trees, and this tangle of foliage extended for some distance up the sides of the hills. In the midst of this underbrush—a most excellent screen—was a tiny cabin. In this tiny cabin I have lived, a closely watched prisoner, from that day until I escaped."

The defendant stirred a little uneasily. Was he thinking of Nightbird with the dark, frozen face—who had not answered to his call?

"Black left me soon after. He did not unbind me, rather bound me the tighter. There was no one then to watch me. He declined to inform me that he had found it rather inconvenient to kill me after the relief party rode up, as then there was no absolute surety of his making a clean get-away, and being caught in the act would be bound to be unpleasant, very unpleasant just then, so he had altered his plans a little—for the present. He gave me no hint either that time, nor either of the two times I saw him subsequently, as to what was to be his ultimate disposal of me. I could only suppose that after this trial was well over in his favor, and fear of indictment for arson and murder had blown over—if blow over it did—he would then quietly put an end to me. Dead men tell no tales. The shanty in the gulch did not seem to be much of a rendezvous for secret meetings. I led a lonely existence. My jailers were mostly half-breeds—usually Charlie Nightbird. Two or three times Jake Sanderson was my guard."

Then from the doorway came a loud, clear, resonant voice, a joyful voice, a voice whose tones fairly oozed rapture.

"Hellity damn! The Three Bars 's gettin' busy, Mouse-hair!"

Judge Dale started. He glared angrily in that direction.

"Remove that man!" he ordered, curtly. He liked Jim, but he could not brook this crying contempt of court. Jim was removed. He went quietly, but shaking his head reproachfully.

"I never would 'a' thought it 'o' the judge," he murmured, disconsolately. "I never would 'a' thought it."

There was a movement in the back of the room. A man was making his way out, slipping along, cat-like, trying to evade attention. Quietly Gordon motioned to the sheriff and slipped a paper into his hand.

"Look sharp," he whispered, his steady eyes on the shifty ones of the sheriff. "If you let him get away, just remember the handwriting on the wall. It's our turn now."

Presently there was a slight scuffle by the door and two men quietly left the improvised courtroom.

"Day before yesterday, in the afternoon," continued Williston, "I managed to knock Nightbird down at the threshold as he was about to enter. I had secretly worked a cross-beam from the low, unfinished ceiling. There was nothing else in the room I might use for a weapon. They were very careful. I think I killed him, your honor and gentlemen of the jury. I am not sorry. There was no other way. But I would rather it had been the maker, not the tool. By the time I had made my way back to the Lazy S I was too exhausted to go further; so I crawled over to my neighbors, the Whites, and Mother White made me a shake-down I lay there, nearly dead, until this morning."

He leaned back wearily.

Black stood up. He was not lank nor lazy now, nor shuffling. His body was drawn to its full height. In the instant before the spring, Mary, who was sitting close to the attorneys' table, met his glance squarely. She read there what he was about to do. Only a moment their eyes held each other's but it was time enough for a swift message of understanding, of utter dislike, and of a determined will to defeat the man's purpose, to pass from the accusing brown eyes to the cruel ones of the defendant.

Quick as a flash Black seized the chair upon which he had been sitting, sprang clear of the table and his lawyers, and landed close to Mary's side. With his chair as a weapon, he meant to force his way to the nearest window. Mary's dilated. Unhesitatingly she seized the half-empty glass on the table and dashed the contents full into the prisoner's face. Blinded, he halted a moment in his mad rush. Mary's quick maneuver made Langford's opportunity. He grappled with

Black. The crowd went mad with excitement.

The prisoner still retained his chair. When Langford grappled with him, he attempted to bring it down upon the fair head of his antagonist. Mary gasped with dread, but Langford grasped the chair with one muscular hand, wrested it from the desperado's hold and threw it to the floor. The two men locked in a close embrace. Langford's great strength was more than sufficient to hold the outlaw until the dazed officers could do their duty—had he been let alone; but two men, who had been standing near the door when the prisoner made his unexpected leap for liberty, had succeeded in worming their way through the excited crowd, and now suddenly threw themselves upon the ranchman, dragging him back.

"Stand aside or I'll shoot!"

It was a girl's voice, clear and firm. Mary had been the first to realize that Black's friends, not Langford's, had joined in the struggle. She snatched her revolver from her cowboy belt; she had not been without either since the Lazy S was burned—and cried out her challenge. Glancing quickly from the gleaming barrel to the determined face of the young girl, the men let go their hold of Langford and fell back precipitately.

Instantly Langford sprang forward, but Black had made good use of his moment of grace. Swinging his arms to the right and left, he had beaten his way to the window, when Langford again seized him, but he had the advantage this time and he tore himself loose, throwing Langford violently against the window-casing. With his bare, clinched fist he shivered the glass and leaped out—into the arms of Jim Munson.

The officers made gallant plunges through the sapped crowd in their efforts to get clear of the room to follow the fugitive. But certain men managed to keep themselves cunally, but with marvelous adroitness, nevertheless, between the deputies and the doors and windows, so that several moments elapsed before the outside was finally gained.

Meanwhile Jim struggled heroically with the outlaw. Black was far superior to him in weight and strength of limb, but Jim was quick and tough and daring. Expelled from the courtroom, he had been watching through the window. He had seen Mary's quick action and his own splendid attack. He had also seen the little "gun play," and his eyes glowed in admiration of "Williston's little girl," though his generous heart ached for love of the woman who was not for him. He saw Black coming. He was ready for him. He grappled with him at once. If the boss or the officers would only come now!

When they did come they found Jim stretched at length on the frozen ground. He sat up slowly.

"You're too late, boys," he said; "the boss left was too much for me. He's gone."

It was true. The little street stretched before them still—deserted. Early twilight was coming on. The biting cold struck them broadside. The deputies scattered in vain pursuit.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ALFALFA IN THE NORTH.

Discussion of the Best Methods of Securing a Stand.

Alfalfa for Wisconsin and the possibilities of growing this wonderful plant in our northern latitudes was the theme of an interesting and helpful address by Prof. R. A. Moore of the University of Wisconsin before the 1908 meeting of the cheesemakers' association. Prof. Moore believes that alfalfa, while yet in its experimental stage in Wisconsin, has come to stay.

A thing most important in the production of alfalfa is testing the seed for germination. In recent years alfalfa seed has tested as low as ten per cent germinating quality. Much of the germination power is ruined in the way alfalfa seed is occasionally handled through heating before being separated, etc. The remedy for farmers is, of course, to put the seed through a germinating test before sowing. The usual process may be followed, taking for example 100 seeds and placing these on a moistened pad of cotton cloth, a similar pad placed on the top of these between two plates, where they may be left at the proper temperature for a few days to germinate. Then remove the top plate and pad and count results. If the seed tests below 90 per cent, you may begin to feel suspicious of it.

In securing this crop in these northern latitudes the farmer should first learn how, experimenting in a small, though practical way. Put in an acre, or a half acre, to begin with, and then start in to get conditions right.

Do not seed on low, level valley. Select a gentle slope. An ideal soil for alfalfa is a clay loam on top of gravel. This plant wants a soil it can penetrate. You, who are at all familiar with alfalfa, will remember that it sends down a taproot occasionally 10 to 15 feet and more. Where alfalfa will be grown to advantage in the near future in Wisconsin is in the older, subdued soils of the south central counties. Further north in the state its development must necessarily be slower.

Alfalfa is easy on a soil. It is a legume and has the power of taking nitrogen from the air, a most wonderful and valuable consideration. In preparation of the soil we like to sow alfalfa in rotation with other crops. We like to use a thin nurse crop of either oats or barley, preferring barley, if this does well on the land. Make a fine seedbed in the spring and sow one bushel of oats or barley to the acre and 20 pounds of good alfalfa seed. Put in only one or two acres at most at the beginning, and not 40 acres. We must largely learn by doing, even though we understand the principles of alfalfa growing. It is often found best to cut this crop the first year, in order to prevent the sward crop from smothering the young

alfalfa plants. Cut the crop the first year for hay and you may possibly cut a second crop of alfalfa the same season.

In harvesting, cut in the morning after the dew is off the ground and on a fair day. In the afternoon rake into windrows and cock it up, even if it appears quite green to the eye. You will thus save the leaves through excessive drying off. They will not crack and become lost. I favor the use of hay caps to protect alfalfa from sun and air. It keeps the plant palatable to stock. We like, if possible, to let alfalfa go through the sweating process in the cock before taking to the barn.

## REPAIRING BUGGY WHEELS.

Holder Which Will Make the Task an Easy One.

Make a box eight or ten inches square at the bottom and six inches square at the top, 2½ to 3 feet tall, as shown in fig. 1.



Fig. 1—Wheel Ready to Paint.

shown in fig. 1. Have your blacksmith make a screw hook and eyebolt of half-inch iron of a combined length to match the box. Screw the hook into

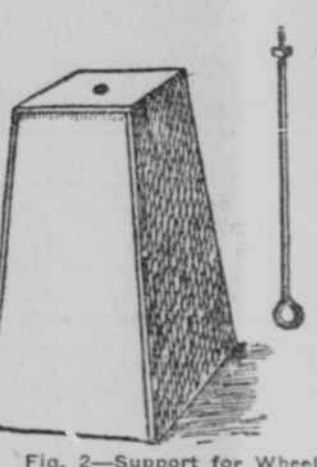


Fig. 2—Support for Wheel.

the shop floor, explains the Prairie Farmer, place the box over it, catch the eyebolt into the hook, place the wheel on top of the box with a board washer and tighten the nut on the eyebolt to hold the wheel while at work, as in fig. 2.

A Careless Fellow. Stage Manager—Why did you eject that super awfully ago? Stage Carpenter—I caught the idiot striking a match near the fire-proof curtain.

A Little Cold. He caught a little cold, that was all; So the neighbors sadly said When they learned that he was dead. Congregating round his bed— He caught a little cold, that was all.

He caught a little cold, that was all; When how he couldn't say, Thought it soon would go away. But the cold was there to stay— He caught a little cold, that was all.

He caught a little cold, that was all; He sneezed and coughed and mumbled. In turn he swore and grumbled. But his pride at last was humbled— He caught a little cold, that was all.

He caught a little cold, that was all; The cold grew quite surprising. His temperature kept rising. And the doctor came advising— He caught a little cold, that was all.

He caught a little cold, that was all; In his very Sunday best. In a long unbroken rest— He caught a little cold, that was all.

He caught a little cold, that was all; —W. W. Runyon, in Puck.

DESSERT.



"We'll get some crullers, some chocolate cake, buns, strawberry tarts and ice cream."

"What kind of pie shall we have after?"

Vineland Doctor Arrested. VINELAND, N. J., March 2.—Mrs. Charles Whitehead of this place admitted that Dr. Charles Johnson, under arrest in Philadelphia on a charge of having performed an illegal operation, is her husband, Dr. Charles Whitehead, a prominent physician here.

To Extradite Roy. WASHINGTON, March 4.—Application was made to the state department for the necessary authority to extradite from France Paul E. Roy, charged with the responsibility for the death of George A. Carkins in New Hampshire.

Pastor Long Dead at Mount Joy. MOUNT JOY, Pa., March 3.—Rev. A. M. Long, said to be the oldest minister in the Church of God denomination, is dead here, aged eighty-five years.

## POLICE IGNORANCE.

The man was inebriated. The policeman who relieved the lampost of him needed no messenger from heaven to tell him that.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the cop, shaking him. "Waiting for a car?"

"Course not," replied the inebriate, in evident surprise. "Well, you'd better be going home before something happens to you."

The man straightened as nearly as possible under the circumstances, and looked at the official.

"Are you a married man?" he inquired.

"Sure, am I that. Wife and five children," was the proud reply.

The inebriate took another hitch at himself and looked at the policeman most indignantly.

"Y'are, are you?" he said, scornfully. "Well, y'ought to know better'n to tell me 't' go home. Y'ou think my wife'll stand for me in thish fix? Y'ou take me to safe place, thush what you do."

Which the policeman did, much abashed.—Judge.

## LONG-LETT WANT.



Bronson—Some genius has invented an alarm clock that will arouse its owner and also fire the furnace. Woodson—Hum! Why can't they invent one with enough nerve to fire the cook?

Stung. I'd like to buy her cream for you. I told a maiden sweet: But that is something I don't do. I'm pledged to anti-cream.

"All right," the maiden said to me, "Your treat I'll not be missing; If anti-treat you're bound to be, Then I'll be anti-kissing."

The Ruling Passion. Fathead—My dear fellow, how did you get your face cut so terribly?

Tartly—I hired a dumb barber to shave me.

Fathead—And he didn't know how to shave, eh?

Tartly—Yes, he did; but he persisted in trying to talk to me with his hands while he was doing it.

Two Accounts Closed. Family Retailer—Oh, sir, something terrible has happened! Your daughter, Miss Gwendolyn, sir, has eloped with the chauffeur, sir, and they're off in the motor-car, sir.

The Old Man—Thank the lord! Maybe I can save a little money now that the girl and the machine are both gone.—Puck.

Timely Aid. "I see that Moneybags has come forward with a half-million to help out in this financial trouble."

"Yes; but if he wished to relieve the trouble any why did he wait so long?"

"Well, you see, he wanted to be sure the tide was coming in before casting his bread on the waters."—Judge.

Pa's Fellow Feeling. Willie—Is that a he or a she lion, pa?

Pater—Which one, dear?

Willie—That one with his face scratched and the hair off the top of his head.

Pater—That must be the male, my son.

Work for the Auto? Mrs. Styles—I see a complete tour through all the rooms or apartments of the royal palace, near Madrid, involves a 120-mile trip, covering six days' time.

Mr. Styles—We'll make that trip in our next foreign automobile tour, dear.—Yonkers Statesman.

Murphy Stopped. Pat (being lowered into a well)—Shop, will ye, Murphy? O! want to come up agin?

Murphy—Phwat for? Pat—O! I'll show yez. At ye don't shup lettin' me down O! ye don't rope!

Contented. Mrs. McClub—Phy don't ye git y'rself elected president, Barney?

Mr. McClub—Bein' president wudna suit me. O! I like authority. O! I'd rather shay a policeman.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Delights of Deafness. Mr. Feller—It's very annoying—very. My wife's been kept indoors for months by scintia.

Mr. Hardheart—My dear boy, why don't you go and kick the fellow out?

A Loser. "How do you know that Mrs. Rogers isn't going to have new furs this winter?"

"I played bridge with her last night."—Judge.

Fine Investment. "Put your money in a piano," advertises a music house. That's all right, if you can get negotiable notes out of it. Be still, Fido!

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Described Them. "Me and brother Wallie were down shopping, yesterday."

"Yes! I saw it in the paper."

"What! Saw that we were shopping?"

"Yes, it said 'things in the shops' in the paper I saw."—Yonkers Statesman.

Slow. "Jones is terribly slow pay, isn't he?"

"Well I wouldn't like to say that exactly. But I will say that when it comes to paying what he owes, he appears to be a victim of stuporous melancholia."—Detroit Free Press.

A Bad Nigger. "That youngest boy of yours does not seem to be a credit to you," said the white man to Uncle Rastus.

"No, sah," said Uncle Rastus; "he is the wustest chile I has. He is mighty bad. He's de white sheep of de family, sah."

His Opportunity. She—I am so terribly nervous, I jump at the least thing.

He—A proposal of marriage, for instance?

Sensitive Conscience. Two little girls walking in a field feared that the cow would attack them.

"Let's go right on and act as if we weren't afraid of her at all," said one.

"But," remonstrated the other, "wouldn't that be deceiving the cow?"

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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